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A CHILD'S OWN BOOK ^{OF} VERSE



ADA M. SKINNER and
FRANCES GILLESPIE WICKES



Class P38

Book 3

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A CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF VERSE BOOK ONE



BY
ADA M. SKINNER
ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL
AND
FRANCES GILLESPIE WICKES
ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL

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INTRODUCTION

“I know not how it is that we need an interpreter, but the great majority of men seem to be . . . mutes, who cannot report the conversation they have had with nature.” “The poet is the sayer, the namer, and represents beauty.” “The poets are liberating gods. . . . They are free and make free.”

(Poetry — EMERSON.)

THEN let us use the poets, wisely, freely, fully to liberate the souls of our children, to make them free.

Never were we in graver peril of forgetting our poets, of losing their liberating influence, of dulling, benumbing our sense of beauty than at present; for modern education, pressed by economic needs, confronted with industrial exigencies, dominated by the scientific spirit of the age which exults in marvels of mechanical invention, is rapidly tending to extol efficiency as its exclusive pursuit, forgetting the eternal need of beauty in human life, if man is to be more than a human mechanism, unmindful that starvation of the soul is more fatal than starvation of the body.

Poetry rather than prose is the language of childhood, Mother Goose is the child's first “liberating god.” But with Mother Goose the process of liberation is

only begun. Systematically should it be continued, throughout the whole period of education.

To facilitate the systematic use of poetry in the classroom, *The Child's Own Book of Verse* has been compiled. Attention is called to the fact that it is the child's *own* book, not the teacher's, because the child's interests have been a guiding principle of selection. Variations in taste and in temperament have prompted the inclusion of a wide variety of poems, not always classic in quality, that every "open sesame" to the great world of poetry might be offered.

The earliest appeal is to the ear through sound rhymes, jingles, rhythm. In the next stage sound rhymes and rhythm are connected with personal experience as in imitative poems, such as "The Wind." Next have been added poems in which thought plays an equal part with sound and rhythms as in lullabies and pure lyrics. These are followed by story-telling poems.

The *Child's Own Book of Verse* consists of three volumes planned for use during the four primary years.

BOOK ONE is made up of sound rhymes, lyrics, and story-telling poems.

BOOK TWO follows much the same plan. Less space is given to sound rhymes and more to lyrics and longer story-telling poems with the addition of a group of short descriptive poems.

BOOK THREE has many of the features of the first and second books, but it contains, in addition, a larger

group of descriptive poems, and many of the longer simple ballads are included.

It is hoped that by so constant and so thoughtful a use of verse as these volumes suggest there may result a liberating of the sense of beauty, an instilling of an abiding love of poetry, the interpreter of beauty, and, it may be, a freeing of the power of poetic expression.

EMMA J. SEBRING.

ST. AGATHA.



LITTLE WIND

Little wind, blow on the hill top,
Little wind, blow down the plain ;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine,
Little wind, blow off the rain.

— KATE GREENAWAY.

WHITE SHEEP

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still.

When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go ?

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill ;
Cocked his shining eye, and said,
“Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head ?”

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PUSSY-CAT MEW

Pussy-Cat Mew jumped over a coal
And in her best petticoat burned a great hole.
Pussy-Cat Mew shall have no more milk
Till she has mended her gown of silk.

SEVEN LITTLE CHICKS

Seven little chicks go,
“Peep, peep, peep,”
Hunting where the grasses grow
Deep, deep, deep.

Then the mother hen calls,
“Cluck, cluck, cluck,”
Wishing every little chick
Luck, luck, luck.

—WILHELMINA SEEGMÜLLER.

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

BOW-WOW-WOW

Bow-wow-wow!
It's the great watch dog.
I know by his honest bark,
Bow-wow-wow!
Says the great watch dog,
When he hears a foot in the dark.

Not a breath can stir
But he's up with a whir!
And a big bow-wow gives he,
And with tail on end,
He'll the house defend
Far better than lock or key.

— *Scotch Nursery Rhyme*



THE NORTH WIND DOTTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then ?
Poor thing !

He 'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing !

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

SOME LITTLE MICE

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
Pussy came by and popped his head in.
“Shall I come in and cut off your threads ?”
“Oh, no ! kind sir, you will bite off our heads !”

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

BOBBY SHAFTO

Bobby Shafto 's gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee,
He 'll come back and marry me, —
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

Bobby Shafto 's fat and fair,
Combing out his yellow hair ;
He 's my love forever mair, —
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

THE RABBITS

Between the hill and the brook, ook, ook,
Two rabbits sat in the sun, O !
And then they ate the green, green grass,
Till all the grass was gone, O !

And when they had eaten enough, nough, nough,
They sat down to have a talk, O !
When there came a man with a gun, un, un,
And fired at them over the walk, O !

But when they found they were sound, ound, ound,
Nor hurt by the gun, un, un, O !
They picked themselves up from the ground, ound,
ound,
And scampered away like fun, O !

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he ;
A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.

“This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too.”
“Oh, no !” said the sparrow, “I *won't* make a stew.”
So he flapped his wings, and away he flew.

THERE WAS A LITTLE ROBIN

There was a little robin
Sat singing in a tree ;
From early morn till dark he sang —
“The world was made for me.”

— WILHELMINA SEEGMÜLLER.

BLOW, WIND, BLOW

Blow, wind, blow !
And go, mill, go !
That the miller may grind his corn ;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-Down-Dilly
Has come up to town,
In a green petticoat
And a bright yellow gown.

THE RAIN

The rain is raining all around ;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrella here,
And on the ships at sea.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROSY POSY

There was a little Rosy,
And she had a little nosy,
And she made a little posy,
All pink and white and green.
And she said, "Little nosy,
Will you smell my little posy ?
For of all the flowers that growsy,
Such sweet ones ne'er were seen."

So she took the little posy,
And she put it to her nosy,
On her little face so rosy,
The flowers for to smell ;
And which of them was Rosy,
And which of them was nosy,
And which of them was posy,
You really could not tell !

A BONNY BOAT

One, two, three !

A bonny boat I see ;
A silver boat, and all afloat
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three !

The riddle tell to me.
The moon afloat is the bonny boat,
The sunset is the sea.

— MARGARET JOHNSON.



LOCK THE DAIRY DOOR

“Lock the dairy door !
Lock the dairy door !”
Oh, hark, the cock is crowing proudly,
And all the hens are cackling loudly :
“Chickle ! chackle, chee,” they cry,
“We have n’t got the key,” they cry,
“Chickle, chackle, chee ! Oh, dear,
Wherever can it be !” they cry.

— CELIA THAXTER.

THE CLUCKING HEN

“Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day ?
There ’s barley in the barley field,
And hayseed in the hay.”

“Thank you,” said the clucking hen ;
“I ’ve something else to do ;
I ’m busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.”

“Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,”
Said the clucking hen ;
“My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I ’ll think about it then.”

The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay ;
And warm and snug beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small !
“Cluck,” said the clucking hen,
“Now I have you all.”

“Come along, my little chicks,
I ’ll take a walk with *you*.”
“Hallo !” said the barn-door cock,
“Cock-a-doodle-doo !”

— *Aunt Effie’s Rhymes.*

LITTLE BROWN BOBBY

Little Brown Bobby sat on the barn floor,
Little Brown Bossy looked in at the door,
Little Brown Bobby said, “Lack-a-day !
Who ’ll drive me this little Brown Bossy away ?”

Little Brown Bobby said, “Shoo, shoo, shoo !”
Little Brown Bossy said, “Moo, moo, moo ?”
This frightened them so that they both of them cried,
And wished they were back at their mammy’s side !

— LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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WHISKY FRISKY

Whisky Frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree-top !

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail !
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail !

Where 's his supper ?
In the shell,
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell !



JACK FROST

Rustily creak the crickets.
Jack Frost came down last night.
He slid to the earth on a star beam,
Keen and sparkling and bright.

— CELIA THAXTER.

SING, LITTLE BIRD

Sing, little bird, when the skies are blue,
Sing, for the world has need of you,
Sing when the skies are overcast,
Sing when the rain is falling fast.

Sing, happy heart, when the sun is warm,
Sing in the winter's coldest storm,
Sing little songs, O heart so true,
Sing, for the world has need of you.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you :
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I :
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THREE LITTLE MAIDENS

There were three little maidens as busy as elves,
As busy as elves and as good, O!
They had a wheelbarrow as big as themselves,
And they swept up the leaves in the wood, O!

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

BIMBLE, BAMBLE, BUMBLE

There was an old woman who rode on a broom,
With a high gee ho, gee humble,
And she took her old cat along for a groom,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

They went along and they came to the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble,
But the ride so long made them very hungry,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Said Tom, "I can find not a mouse to eat,"
With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
"So let us go back again, I entreat,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

The old woman would not go back so soon,
With a high gee ho, gee humble,
She wanted to visit the man in the moon,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Said Tom, "I will go alone to the house,"
With a high gee ho, gee humble,
"For there I can catch a rat or a mouse,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

"But," said the old woman, "how will you go?"
With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
Said Tom, "I 'll run down this pretty rainbow,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.



And she took her old cat along for a groom.

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

“Where are you going to, you little pig?”

“I ’m leaving my Mother, I ’m growing so big!”

“So big, young pig,

So young, so big!

What, leaving your Mother, you foolish young pig!”

“Where are you going to, you little pig?”

“I ’ve got a new spade, and I ’m going to dig.”

“To dig, little pig?

A little pig dig!

Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!”

“Where are you going to, you little pig?”

“Why, I ’m going to have a nice ride in a gig!”

“In a gig, little pig!

What, a pig in a gig!

Well, I never saw a pig ride in a gig!”

“Where are you going to, you little pig?”

“Well, I ’m going to the ball to dance a fine jig!”

“A jig, little pig!

A pig dance a jig!

Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!”

“Where are you going to, you little pig?”

“I ’m going to the fair to run a fine rig.”

“A rig, little pig!

A pig run a rig!

Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig!”

“Where are you going to, you little pig?”

“I ’m going to the barber’s to buy me a wig!”

“A wig, little pig!

A pig in a wig!

Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig!”

— THOMAS HOOD.



MY MAID MARY

My maid Mary she minds the dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and a-mowing each morn ;
Gaily runs the little reel and the little spinning wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.



LONDON BRIDGE

London bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
How shall we build it up again ?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over, my Lady Lee ;
Huzza ! 't will last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

A FARMER WENT RIDING

A farmer went riding upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump !
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump !

A raven cried, "Croak !" and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump !
The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump !

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump !
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump !

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
So off he set in his coat and hat,
And on the way he met a Rat.

"Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Good Mrs. Mousie for to see ?"
When they came to the door of Mousie's hole,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.

“Please, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”

“Oh, yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin.”

“Please, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer?”

“Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song,
But let it be something that ’s not very long?”
But while they were making a terrible din,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,
The kittens they pulled Mrs. Mousie down.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
He took up his hat and he wished them good-night.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up;
And that was the end of One, Two, and Three, —
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggie.





THE LIGHT-HEARTED FAIRY

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho,
Heigh ho !

He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho !
As the light-headed fairy, heigh ho,
Heigh ho !

His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho,
Heigh ho !

His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings,
And nests among the trees ;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

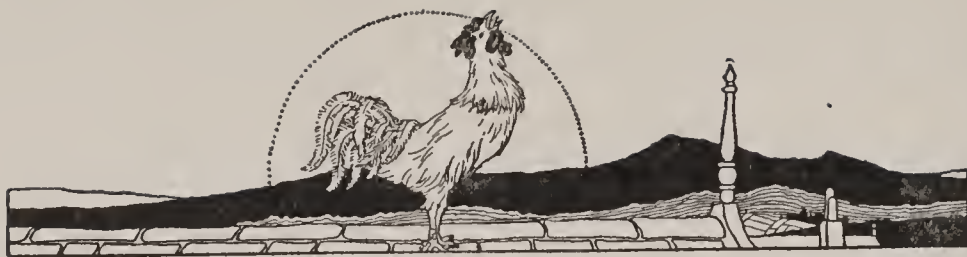
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain ;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon as he sails the sky
Is a very remarkable skipper,
But he made a mistake when he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper.
He dipped right out of the Milky Way,
And slowly and carefully filled it,
The Big Bear growled, and the Little Bear howled
And frightened him so that he spilled it !

— *Old Rhyme.*



ALL BUSY

The cock 's on the house-top,
Blowing his horn ;
The bull 's in the barn,
A-threshing of corn ;

The maids in the meadows
Are making the hay,
The ducks in the river
Are swimming away.

NURSERY SONG

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say,
“In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lamb, with his nimble feet ;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight !”
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun.

I went to the kitchen and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three !
I heard her whispering soft : said she,
“My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Now I ’ll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we ’ll lie down together, beneath the warm stove.”

I went to the yard and saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten ;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say ?
I heard her say, “The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine ;
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find such chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings.”
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.

—MRS. CARTER.

A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to
play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I 've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth
and fair,
And I must off to sleeps-in-by, and not forget my
prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow when I see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight
my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the
lawn.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BUTTERCUP

What makes the buttercup so yellow?
Oh, he caught a golden sunbeam in his cup
And would n't give it up —
The saucy fellow !

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW

Moon, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky !
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air.

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hills at last.
Sometime I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I 'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed.

— MATTHIAS BARR.

A VERSE

The lightning and thunder,
They go and they come,
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at home.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.



SOMEWHERE TOWN

Which is the way to Somewhere Town ?
Oh, up in the morning early.
Over the tiles and the chimney pots,
That is the way quite clearly.

And which is the door to Somewhere Town ?
Oh, up in the morning early.
The round red sun is the door to go through,
That is the way quite clearly.

— KATE GREENAWAY.

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Thy father 's watching the sheep,
Thy mother 's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep ;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

— ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

GOD'S CARE

In the pleasant sunny meadows,
Where the buttercups are seen,
And the daisies' little shadows
Lie along the level green,
Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near,
And the watchful shepherd leading
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

Like the lambs we little children
Have a shepherd kind and good ;
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food.

WINTER NIGHT

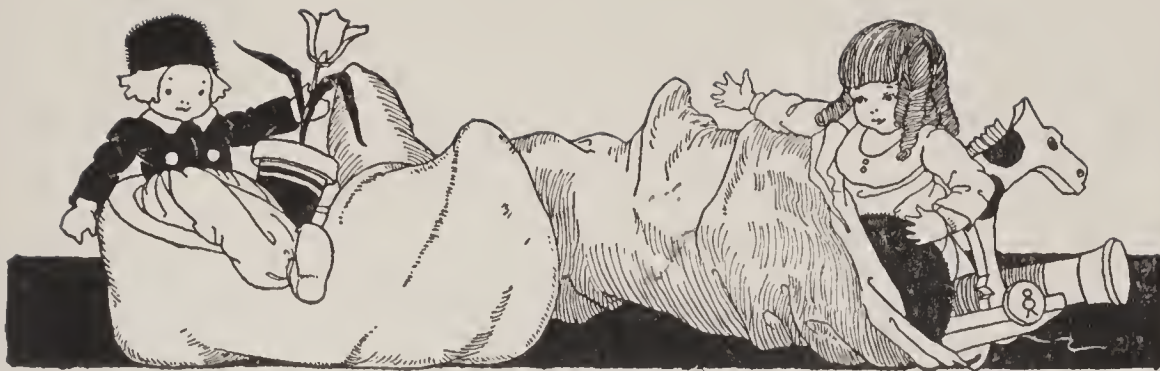
Blow, wind, blow !
Drift the flying snow !
Send it twirling, whirling overhead !
There 's a bedroom in a tree
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek !
Make the branches creak !
Battle with the boughs till break o' day !
In a snow-cave warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call !
In entry and in hall !
Straight from off the mountain white and wild !
Soft purrs the pussy-cat,
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold !
So bitter and so bold !
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap !
With half-shut dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

— MARY F. BUTTS.



SHOE OR STOCKING

In Holland, children set their shoes,
This night, outside the door ;
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.

But here we hang our stockings up
On handy hook or nail ;
And Santa Claus, when all is still,
Will plump them, without fail.

Speak out, you Sobersides, speak out,
And let us hear your views ;
Between a stocking and a shoe,
What do you see to choose ?

One instant pauses Sobersides,
A little sigh to fetch —
“Well, seems to me a stocking’s best,
For wooden shoes won’t stretch !”

— EDITH M. THOMAS.

WHEN THE SLEEPY MAN COMES

When the sleepy man comes with the dust on his eyes,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun ;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

He comes from the castle of Drowsy-boy Town ;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
At the touch of his hand tired eyelids fall down.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

—CHARLES D. G. ROBERTS.

THE SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And, oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack ! quack !"

— GABRIEL SETOUN.

WILL YOU BE MY LITTLE WIFE ?

Will you be my little wife,
If I ask you ? Do !
I 'll buy you such a Sunday frock,
A nice umbrella, too.

And you shall have a little hat,
With such a long white feather,
A pair of gloves, and sandal shoes,
The softest kind of leather.

And you shall have a tiny house,
A beehive full of bees,
A little cow, a largish cat
And green sage cheese.

— KATE GREENAWAY.



BUNCHES OF GRAPES

“Bunches of grapes,” says Timothy :
“Pomegranates pink,” says Elaine ;
“A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me,” says Jane.

“Love-in-a-mist,” says Timothy :
“Primroses pale,” says Elaine ;
“A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me,” says Jane.

“Chariots of gold,” says Timothy :
“Silvery wings,” says Elaine ;
“A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me,” says Jane.

— WALTER RAMAL.

SONG

The wind blows east,
The wind blows west, —
The blue eggs in robin's nest
Will soon have wings
And flutter and fly away.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE COMING OF SPRING

The birds are coming home soon ;
I look for them every day ;
I listen to catch the first wild strain,
For they must be singing by May.

The bluebird, he 'll come first, you know,
Like a violet that has taken wings ;
And the red-breast trills while his nest he builds ;
I can hum the song that he sings.

And the crocus and wind flower are coming, too ;
They 're already upon the way ;
When the sun warms the brown earth through and
through,
I shall look for them *any* day.

Then be patient, and wait a little, my dear ;
“They 're coming,” the winds repeat ;
“We 're coming ! we 're coming !” I 'm sure I hear,
From the grass blades that grow at my feet.

THE ROBIN

When father takes his spade to dig,
Then Robin comes along.
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are rather far,
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
And bobs upon a stone.

— LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh! I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHAT CAN I GIVE HIM?

What can I give Him?
Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb.

If I were a wise man,
I would do my part.

Yet what can I give Him?
Give my heart.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

ROCKABY, LULLABY

Rockaby, lullaby, bees on the clover!—
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!

Down into wonderland—

Down to the under-land—

Go, oh go!

Down into wonderland, go!

— J. G. HOLLAND.



BABY SEED SONG

Little brown seed, oh ! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark ?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other :
Hark to the song of the lark —
“Waken !” the lark says, “waken and dress you,
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you —
Waken ! ’t is morning — ’t is May !”

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be ?
I ’ll be a poppy — all white, like my mother ;
Do be a poppy like me.
What ! you ’re a sunflower ? How I shall miss you
When you ’re grown golden and high !
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ;
Little brown brother, good-by !

— EDITH NESBIT.

A PRETTY GAME

The sun and the rain in fickle weather
Were playing hide and seek together ;
And each in turn would try to chase
The other from his hiding place.
At last they met to say, “Good-by,”
And lo ! a rainbow spanned the sky.

I WOULD LIKE YOU FOR A COMRADE

I would like you for a comrade, for I love you, that I do,
I never met a little calf as amiable as you ;
I would teach you how to dance and sing and how to
talk and laugh,
If I were not a little girl and you were not a calf.

I would like you for a comrade ; you should share my
barley meal,
And butt me with your little horns just hard enough to
feel ;
We would lie beneath the chestnut trees and watch
the leaves uncurl,
If I were not a clumsy calf and you a little girl.

—JUDGE PARRY.

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain ?
Care for it ? Glad of it ! Does n't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest !
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat ?

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” Hear the jolly bird laugh.

“That is n't the best of the story, by half.”

—LUCY LARCOM.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE BIRD

“Little bird ! little bird ! come to me !
I have a green cage ready for thee —
Beauty bright flowers I ’ll bring thee anew,
And fresh, ripe cherries, all wet with dew.”

“Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care, —
But I love dearly the clear, cool air,
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree.”
“Little bird ! little bird ! stay with me !”

“Nay, little damsel ! away I ’ll fly
To greener fields and warmer sky ;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You ’ll hear my merry song again.”

“Little bird ! little bird ! who ’ll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea ?
Foolish one ! come in the house to stay,
For I ’m very sure you ’ll lose your way.”

“Ah, no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea ;
I will be free as the rushing air
And sing of sunshine everywhere.”

— LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



I SAW A SHIP

I saw a ship that sailed the sea.
It left me as the sun went down.
The white birds flew and followed it
To town — to London town.

Right sad were we to stand alone
And see it pass away ;
And yet we knew some ship would come —
Some other ship — some other day.

— KATE GREENAWAY.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
“Are the weans in their beds?—for it's noo ten
o'clock.”

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



MY ROBIN

Under the window is my garden
Where sweet, sweet flowers grow ;
And in the pear tree dwells a robin —
The dearest bird I know.

Though I peep out betimes in the morning
Still the flowers are up the first ;
Then I try and talk to the robin
And perhaps he 'd chat — if he durst.

— KATE GREENAWAY.

TO THE SUN DOOR

They saw it rise in the morning,
They saw it set at night,
And they longed to go and see it ;
Ah, if they only might.

The little soft white clouds heard them,
And stepped from out of the blue,
And each laid a little child softly
Upon its bosom of dew.

And they carried them higher and higher,
And they nothing knew any more
Until they were standing waiting
In front of the round gold door.

And they knocked and called and entreated,
Whoever should be within ;
But all to no purpose, for no one
Would hearken to let them in.

— KATE GREENAWAY.

APRIL

When April was asked whether
She could bring reliable weather,
She laughed till she cried
And said, "I have tried,
But things will get so mixed up together."

THE BOW THAT BRIDGES HEAVEN

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas,
But clouds that sail across the skies
Are prettier than these.
There are bridges in the river
As pretty as you please,
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees
And builds a roof from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

GOLDENROD

Tell me, sunny goldenrod,
Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from fairyland
And make the dress you wear?

Did you get from mines of gold
Your bright and shining hue?
Or did the baby stars some night
Fall down and cover you?

I love you, laughing goldenrod,
And I will try, like you,
To fill each day with deeds of cheer;
Be loving, kind, and true.

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a peddler-man !
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes !

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through ;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell !
He clashes the basins like a bell ;
Tea trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the border !

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his home is like a bathing-machine ;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and slash, to the other side !

With the peddler-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home ;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook !

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

SWALLOW, SWALLOW

Swallow, Swallow, neighbor Swallow,
Starting on your autumn flight,
Pause a moment at my window,
Twitter softly a good night.

Now the summer days are ended,
All your duties are well done,
And the little homes you 've builded
Have grown empty, one by one.

Swallow, Swallow, neighbor Swallow,
Are you ready for your flight ?

Are the little coats completed ?
Are the feathered caps all right ?

Are the young wings strong and steady
For their flight to warmer sky ?

Come again in early springtime.
Until then, good-by, good-by.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There 's no dew left on the daisies and clover
There 's no rain left in heaven :
I 've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing, —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you 're a dusty fellow,
You 've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell !
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper,
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it :
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —
I am seven times one to-day.

— JEAN INGELOW.

OUR FLAG

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."
I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I 'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.
Then I 'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true.
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White and the Blue.
Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue!"



THE DUSTMAN

When the toys are growing weary
And the twilight gathers in,
When the nursery still re-echoes
With the children's merry din ;

Then unseen, unheard, unnoticed,
Comes an old man up the stair,
Lightly to the children passes,
Lays his hand upon their hair.

Softly smiles the good old Dustman,
In their eyes the dust he throws,
Till their little heads are falling
And their eyelids gently close.

Then the Dustman very gently
Takes each little dimpled hand,
Leads them through the sweet green shadows,
Far away to Slumberland.

— FRED E. WEATHERLY.



PETERKIN POUT AND GREGORY GROUT

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black,
Full oft from my house I 've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.

They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down ;
They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Must !" and t' other says "Can 't !"
And one says "Shall !" and t' other says "Shan't !"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now, from my house keep out !

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But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light ;
They 're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.

And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are ;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.

And one says "Please !" and t' other says "Do !"
And both together say "I love you !"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile !

— LAURA E. RICHARDS.



HOW TO GET A BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
“I wish I could find
A fat little worm.”

Said the next little chick,
With an odd little shrug,
“I wish I could find
A fat little bug.”

Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
“I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal.”

Said the fourth little chick,
With a small sigh of grief,
“I wish I could find
A little green leaf.”

“See here,” called the hen
From the near garden patch,
“If you want any breakfast
Just come here and scratch !”

THREE LITTLE OWLETS

Three little owlets
In a hollow tree,
Cuddled up together
Close as could be.



When the moon came out
And the dew lay wet,
Mother flew about
To see what she could get.

She caught a little mouse,
So velvety and soft,
She caught some little sparrows,
And then she flew aloft

To the three little owlets
In a hollow tree,
Cuddled up together
Close as could be.

“Tu-whoo,” said the old owl,
“Is n’t this good cheer!”
“Tu-whit,” said the owlets,
“Thank you, mother dear.”

Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit,
Tu — whoo!

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
“Caw,” said the mother ;
“We caw,” said the six —
So they cawed and they cawed
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“Chirp !” said the mother ;
“We chirp,” said the seven —
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By an old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard,
And her little lizards eight.
“Bask !” said the mother ;
“We bask,” said the eight —
So they basked in the sun
By the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the quiet pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
“Croak,” said the mother ;
“We croak,” said the nine —
So they croaked and they splashed
Where the quiet pools shine.

Over in the meadow
In a dark little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
“Spin,” said the mother ;
“We spin,” said the ten —
So they spun lace webs
In their dark little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly
And her little flies eleven.
“Glow,” said the mother ;
“We glow,” said the eleven —
So they glowed like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve
Lived a wise mother ant,
And her little ants twelve.
“Toil,” said the mother ;
“We toil,” said the twelve —
So they toiled and were wise
Where the men dig and delve.

— OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

ELF AND DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter
Maybe a mile
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two
Holding it over him
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse
“Good gracious me !

Where is my toadstool !”
Loud he lamented,
And that ’s how umbrellas
First were invented.

— OLIVER HERFORD.



OLD DAME CRICKET

Old Dame Cricket, down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine, —
Queer little chaps, in glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine.

“My children,” she said,
“The birds are abed :
Go and make the dark earth glad !
Chirp while you can !”
And then she began, —
Till, oh, what a concert they had !

They hopped with delight,
They chirped all night,
Singing, “Cheer up ! cheer up ! cheer !”
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

“Nice children,” she said,
“And very well bred.
My darlings have done their best.
Their naps they must take :
The birds are awake ;
And they can sing all the rest.”

THE LITTLE ELF-MAN

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he did n't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
“I ’m quite as big for me,” said he,
“As you are big for you.”

— JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

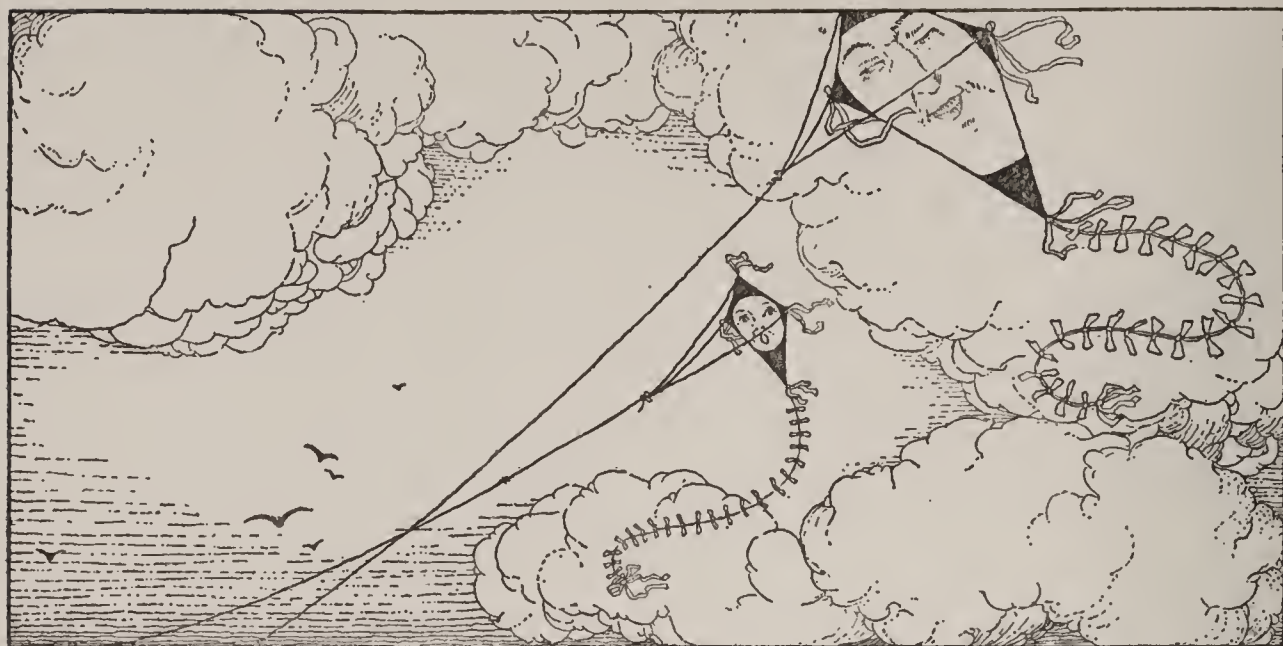


LITTLE JACK FROST

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and the moon so still —
Watching the stars and the moon so bright
And laughing aloud with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees ;
“Ah,” sighed the flowers, “we freeze, we freeze !”
“Ah,” sighed the grasses, “we die, we die !”
Said little Jack Frost, “Good-by, good-by.”
Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round
Spreading much snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds that chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.
The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew ;
It was so warm and scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.



HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

“I never can do it,” the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head ;
“I know I should fall if I tried to fly.”
“Try,” said the big kite ; “only try,
Or I fear you never will learn at all.”
But the little kite said, “I ’m afraid I ’ll fall.”

The big kite nodded : “Ah, well, good-by ;
I ’m off ” ; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite’s paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up, he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side.
While far below, he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
“Oh, how happy I am,” the little kite cried;
“And all because I was brave, and tried.”

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
“Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears.”

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo,
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red, —
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line of sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

— LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

THE QUARRELSOME KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight ;
One had a mouse and the other had none,
And that 's the way the quarrel begun.

“I 'll have that mouse,” said the biggest cat,
“You 'll have that mouse ? We 'll see about that !”
“I will have that mouse,” said the eldest son ;
“You shan't have that mouse,” said the little one.

I told you before 't was a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight ;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go.
So they laid them down on the mat at the door
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and as cold as ice ;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

“I,” said the duck, “I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack!”

“I,” cried the dandelion, “I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry.”
And she lifted a trowsled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

“I hope ’t will pour! I hope ’t will pour!”
Purred the tree-toad at his gray back door,
“For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weatherproof.”

Sang the brook: “I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea.”

“I,” shouted Ted, “for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain-coat on,
Through every puddle and runlet, and pool
That I find on my way to school.”

— CLARA DOTY BATES.



THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled ;
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
Folks say she is horribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled ;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHERRIES

Under the trees, the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head :
“Cherries are ripe ! but then, you know,
There 's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe ;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay ;
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We 'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun.”

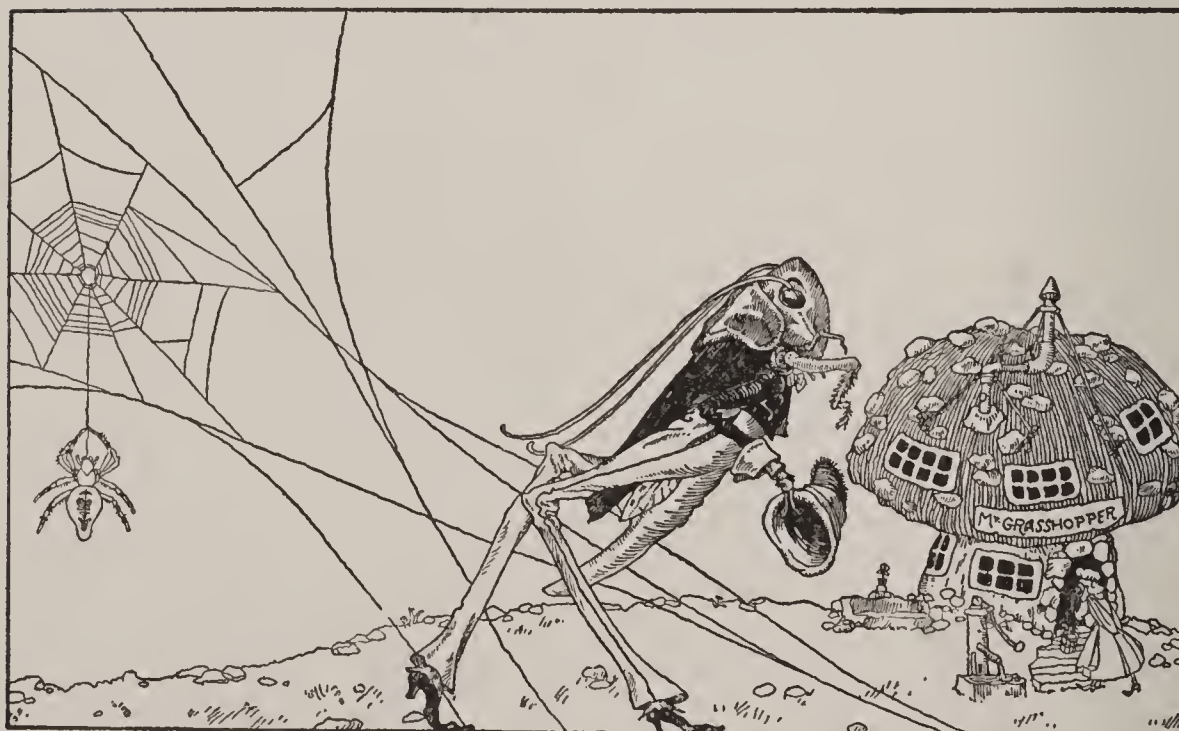
Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head,
“Cherries are ripe ! and so to-day
We 'll gather them while you make the hay ;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow.”
At night the farmer said : “Here 's a trick !
These roguish robins have had their pick.”

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap ;
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun ;
Its hopperty, skipperty, high and low —
Summer 's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys,
And soon as their legs grow strong
Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song.
Under the hedge in a happy row
Soon as the day has begun
Its hopperty, skipperty, high and low —
Summer 's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house.
It 's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he 's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun ;
It 's hopperty, skipperty, high and low —
Summer 's the time for fun.



I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

“I love you, mother,” said little John.
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

“I love you, mother,” said rosy Nell —
“I love you more than tongue can tell.”
But she teased and pouted full half the day
Till her mother was glad when she went to play.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fan ;
“To-day I ’ll help you all I can ;
How glad I am that school does n’t keep.”
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then slipping softly she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room.
Busy and happy all the day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as a child should be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best ?

— JOY ALLISON.

MINNIE AND MATTIE

Minnie and Mattie
And fat little May,
Out in the country,
Spending a day.

Such a bright day,
With the sun glowing,
And the trees half in leaf,
And the grass growing.

Pinky-white pigling
Squeals through his snout,
Woolly-white lambkin
Frisks all about.

Cluck ! Cluck ! the mother hen
Summons her folk, —
Ducklings all downy soft,
Yellow as yolk.

Cluck ! Cluck ! the mother hen
Summons her chickens
To peck the dainty bits
Found in her pickings.

Minnie and Mattie
And May carry posies,

Half of sweet violets,
Half of primroses.

Give the sun time enough,
Glowing and glowing,
He 'll rouse the roses
And bring them blowing.

Don't wait for roses,
Losing to-day,
O Minnie, O Mattie
And wise little May.

Violets and primroses
Blossom to-day,
For Minnie and Mattie
And fat little May.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE ON EDUCATION

Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow ;
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
And water lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And then she sat for four long weeks
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out —
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back ;
“That ’s very rude,” said old Dame Duck,
“Get off ! quack, quack, quack, quack !”

“’T is close,” said Dame Duck, shoving out
The eggshells with her bill ;
“Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still.”

So, rising from her nest, she said,
“Now, children, look at me ;
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side — d’ ye see ?”

“Yes,” said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain :
“A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do — try again.”

“Yes,” said the ducklings, waddling on :
“That ’s better,” said their mother ;
“But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight — one behind another.”

“Yes,” said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row :
“Now to the pond,” said old Dame Duck —
Splash, splash, and in they go.

“Let me swim first,” said old Dame Duck,
“To this side, now to that ;
There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

“Now when you reach the poultry yard,
The hen-wife, Molly Head,
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread.

“The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

“You ’d better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small ;
In that case, I should use my foot,
And overturn it all.”

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good,
That, from that day, the other fowls
Got hardly any food.

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody’s house !
There ’s no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'T is he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
Who pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar ;
That squeaking door will always squeak
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil ;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he ?
There 's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots ; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

AN OLD RAT'S TALE

He was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did well.
And each was as black as your Sunday hat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine.
And each said, "My love's tail is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine!"

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good ;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charm of their daily food.

So he ventured out and she ventured out ;
And I saw them go with pain.
But what them befell I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

— LAURA E. RICHARDS.



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WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

"Tu-whit ! Tu-whit ! Tu-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo !
Such a thing I 'd never do,
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo !
Such a thing I 'd never do."

"Tu-whit ! Tu-whit ! Tu-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow !
I 'm not so mean anyhow !
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow !
I 'm not so mean, I vow."

"Tu-whit ! Tu-whit ! Tu-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?"

“Coo-coo ! Coo-coo ! Coo-coo !
Let me speak a few words too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellowbreast ?”

“Not I,” said the sheep, “Oh, no !
I would n’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa ! Baa !” said the sheep, “Oh, no !
I would n’t treat a poor bird so.”

“Tu-whit ! Tu-whit ! Tu-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?”

“Coo-coo ! Coo-coo ! Coo-coo !
Let me speak a few words too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellowbreast ?”

“Caw ! Caw !” cried the crow ;
“I too should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day ?”

“Cluck ! Cluck !” said the hen ;
“Don’t ask me again.

Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I 'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck ! Cluck !" said the hen ;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr ! Chirr-a-whirr !
All the birds make a stir !
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame !'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green ;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal ;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the birds would feel ?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed ;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellowbreast ;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

THE SNOW BIRD

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play
When a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing his tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song ;
“Oh, sister, look out of the window,” said she .
“Here ’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
Here ’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.

“Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose,
I wish he ’d come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee.

How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee.”

“There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too ;
Good-morning ! Oh, who are as happy as we ?”
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee ;
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee ;
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

— F. C. WOODWORTH.



THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go ;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood, —
Oh, how the wind does blow !
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
Ting-a-ling-ding !
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day !

Over the river, and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray !
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound !
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait !

Over the river and through the wood, —
Now grandmother's cap I spy !
Hurrah for the fun !
Is the pudding done ?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie !

— LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE ROBBER KITTEN

A kitten once to its mother said,
 “I ’ll never more be good,
But I’ ll go and be a robber bold
 And live in a dreary wood,
 Wood, wood, wood,
And live in a dreary wood.”

So off he went to a dreary wood,
 And there he met a cock,
And blew his head with a pistol off,
 Which gave him an awful shock,
 Shock, shock, shock,
Which gave him an awful shock.

Soon after that he met a cat.
 “Now give to me your purse
Or I ’ll shoot you through and stab you, too,
 And kill you — which is worse,
 Worse, worse, worse,
And kill you — which is worse.”

At last he met a robber dog
 And they sat down to drink ;
The dog did joke and laugh and sing,
 Which made the kitten wink,
 Wink, wink, wink,
Which made the kitten wink.

At last they quarreled, then they fought
Beneath the greenwood tree,
And puss was felled with an awful club
Most terrible to see,
See, see, see,
Most terrible to see.

When puss got up his eye was cut
And swelled, and black and blue ;
Moreover all his bones were sore,
Which made this kitten mew,
Mew, mew, mew.
Which made this kitten mew.

So up he got and rubbed his head,
And went home very sad.
“O mother dear, behold me here ;
I ’ll never more be bad,
Bad, bad, bad,
I ’ll nevermore be bad.”





SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night ! He comes in the night !
He softly, silently comes ;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl ;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide ;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more ;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh ;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one ;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.

Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can ;
This beautiful mission is his ;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

THE NEW YEAR

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy ?
Open the door though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
For he is the wonderful glad New Year.

— DINAH MULOCK.

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple tree, where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

— EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

SPRING'S WAKING

A snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground.
"Come out," said the Sun, "come out!"
But she lay quite still and she heard no sound.
"Asleep," said the Sun, "no doubt!"

The snowdrop heard, for she raised her head.

“Look spry,” said the Sun, “look spry!”

“It ’s warm,” said the snowdrop, “here in bed.”

“O fie!” said the sun, “O fie!”

“You call me too soon, Mister Sun, you do.”

“No, no,” said the Sun, “oh, no!”

“There ’s something above and I can’t see through.”

“It ’s snow,” said the Sun, “just snow.”

“But I say, Mister Sun, are the robins here?”

“May be,” said the Sun, “may be.”

“There was n’t a bird when you called last year.”

“Come out,” said the Sun, “and see.”

The snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,

And there was n’t a bird in sight ;

But she popped out of bed in her white nightcap.

“That ’s right,” said the Sun, “that ’s right!”

And soon as that small nightcap was seen

A robin began to sing.

The air grew warm and the grass turned green.

“’T is spring,” laughed the Sun, “’t is spring!”

— ISABEL ECCELSTONE MACKAY.

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three ;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She could n't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he ;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree ;
And the game that was played I 'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you 'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three !

“You are in the china closet !”

He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It was n't the china closet ;
But he still had Two and Three.

“You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key !”
And she said : “You are *warm* and *warmer* ;
But you 're not quite right,” said she.

“It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma !”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—HENRY C. BUNNER.



THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing ; comes creeping ;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream — that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
“Rub-a-dub !” it goeth ;
There is one little dream of a big sugarplum,
And lo ! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth !

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing ;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging !

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and
fleet ?
They 'll come to you sleeping ;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing ; comes creeping.

— EUGENE FIELD.



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